

for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, He make a  
fop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly  
Barber-monger, draw.

*Stew.* Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters a-  
gainst the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, a-  
gainst the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or  
He so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come  
your waies.

*Ste.* Helpe, ho, murder, helpe.

*Kent.* Strike you slaue: stand rogue, stand you neat  
slaue, strike.

*Stew.* Helpe ho, murder, murder.

*Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.*

*Bast.* How now, what's the matter? Part.

*Kent.* With you Goodman Boy, if you please, come,  
He flesh ye, come on yong Master.

*Glo.* Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

*Cor.* Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes  
again, what is the matter?

*Reg.* The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?

*Cor.* What is your difference, speake?

*Stew.* I am scarce in breath my Lord.

*Kent.* No Martell, you haue so bestir'd your valour,  
you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor  
made thee.

*Cor.* Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

*Kent.* A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could  
not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two  
yeares oth' trade.

*Cor.* Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

*Ste.* This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I haue spar'd  
at fure of his gray-beard.

*Kent.* Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnneccessary letter:  
my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vn-  
boulded villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a  
Iakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

*Cor.* Peace sirrah,

You beastly knaue, know you no reuerence?

*Kent.* Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

*Cor.* Why art thou angrie?

*Kent.* That such a slaue as this should weare a Sword,  
Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,  
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords: a twaine,  
Which are t' intrince, t' vnloose: smooth euery passion  
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,  
Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,  
Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes  
With euery gall, and varry of their Masters,  
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:  
A plague vpon your Epilepticke visage,  
Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?  
Goose, if I had you vpon *Sarnum* Plaine,  
I'd driue ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

*Cor.* What art thou mad old Fellow?

*Glo.* How fell you out, say that?

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy,

Then I, and such a knaue.

*Cor.* Why do'st thou call him Knaue?

What is his fault?

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.

*Cor.* No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,  
I haue seene better faces in my time,

Then stands on any shoulder that I see  
Before me, at this instant.

*Cor.* This is some Fellow,  
Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect  
A saucy roughnes, and constraines the garb  
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,  
An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,  
And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.  
These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plaine  
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,  
Then twenty filly-ducking obseruants,  
That stretch their duties nicely.

*Kent.* Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,  
Vnder th' allowance of your great aspect,  
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire  
On flicking *Phabus* front.

*Cor.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you discom-  
mend so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-  
guild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which  
for my part I will not be, though I should win your  
displeasure to entreat me too't.

*Cor.* What was th' offence you gaue him?

*Ste.* I neuer gaue him any:

It pleas'd the King his Master very late  
To strike at me vpon his misconstruction,  
When he compact, and flattering his displeasure  
Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd,  
And put vpon him such a deale of Man,  
That worthied him, got praises of the King,  
For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued,  
And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,  
Drew on me here againe.

*Kent.* None of these Rogues, and Cowards  
But *Ajax* is there Foole.

*Cor.* Fetch forth the Stocks?

You stubborn ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart,  
Wee'l teach you.

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learne:

Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King.

On whole employment I was sent to you,

You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice  
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,  
Stocking his Messenger.

*Cor.* Fetch forth the Stocks;

As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.

*Reg.* Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

*Kent.* Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,

You should not vse me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his Knaue, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

*Cor.* This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,

Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

*Glo.* Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,

The King his Master, needs must take it ill

That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,

Should haue him thus restrained.

*Cor.* He answere that.

*Reg.* My Sister may reueie it much more worffe,

To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

*Cor.* Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

*Glo.* I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure,

Whose disposition all the world well knowes

Will not be rub'd nor stop't, He entreat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and travail'd hard,

Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest He whistle:

A good mans fortune may grow out at heels:

*Give*

Give you good morrow.

*Glo.* The Duke's too blame in this,

'Twill be ill taken.

*Kent.* Good King, that must approue the common law,

Thou out of Heauens benediction com'st

To the warme Sun.

Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,

That by thy comfortable Beames I may

peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles

But muterie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,

Who hath most fortunately bene inform'd

Of my obscured course. And shall finde time

From this enormous State, seeking to giue

Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,

Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold

This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,

Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* I heard my selfe proclaim'd,  
And by the happy hollow of a Tice,  
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place  
That guard, and most vnusall vigilance  
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape  
I will preferue my selfe: and am bethought  
To take the basest, and most poorest shape  
That euer penury in contempt of man,  
Brought neere to beast; my face Ile grime with filth,  
Blanket my loines, else all my haire in knots,  
And with presented nakednesse out-face  
The Windes, and persecutions of the skie;  
The Country giues me proofe, and president  
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,  
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,  
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:  
And with this horrible obiect from low Farnes,  
Poore pelting Villages, Sherps-Coates, and Milles,  
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Prayers  
Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,  
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

*Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.*

*Lear.* 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,

And not send backe my Messengers.

*Gent.* As I learn'd,

The night before, there was no purpose in them

Of this remoue.

*Kent.* Haile to thee Noble Master.

*Lear.* Ha? Mak'st thou this shame any pastime?

*Kent.* No my Lord,

*Foole.* Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horfes are

ride by the heads, Dogges and Beares, by th' necke,

Monkies by th' loynes, and Men by th' legs: when a man

ouerluite at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks.

*Lear.* What's he,

That hath so much thy place mistooke

To set thee heere?

*Kent.* It is both he and she,

Your Son, and Daughter.

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No I say.

*Kent.* I say yea.

*Lear.* By *Iupiter* I sweare no.

*Kent.* By *Iuno*, I sweare

*Lear.* They durst not

They could not, would

To do vpon respect such

Resolue me with all mo

Thou might'st deserue,

Comming from vs.

*Kent.* My Lord, who

I did commend your H

Ere I was risen from the

My dutie kneeling, ear

Scow'd in his haste, half

From *Gonerill* his Mistri

Deliver'd Letters spigh

Which presently they re

They summon'd vp the

Commanded me to foll

The leisure of their an

And meeting heere the

Whose welcome I perce

Being the very fellow w

Displead to sawcily aga

Having more man then

He rais'd the house, wit

Your Sonne and Daught

The shame which heere

*Foole.* Winters not g

Fathers that weare rag

But Fathers that beare h

Fortune that arrant who

But for all this thou sh

Daughters, as thou can

*Lear.* Oh how this M

*Historica* passio, downe t

Thy Elements below w

*Kent.* With the Ear

*Lear.* Follow me no

*Gent.* Made you no

But what you speake of

*Kent.* None:

H. w chance the the Kin

*Foole.* And thou had

question, should'st well d

*Kent.* Why Foole?

*Foole.* Wee'l set thee

thee ther's no labouring

noses, are led by their ey

not a nose among twent

ings; let go thy hold, wh

hill, least it breake thy

great one that goes vpon

when a wiseman giues

again, I would haue no

*Foole* giues it.

That Sir, which serues an

And follo wes but for for

Will packe, when it begi

And leaue thee in the sto

But I will tarry, the Foole

And let the wiseman flie

The knaue turns Foole

The Foole no knaue per

*Enter Lear*

*Kent.* Where learn'd

*Foole.* Not i'th' Stock